

We take a pipe of consolation, but it only whets our appetites. We give up our promenade, for exercise is still worse; and at last the sun goes down, and yet no sign of dinner. Our pavilion becomes a Tower of Famine, and the Italian recites Dante. Finally a strange face appears at the door. By Apicius! it is a servant from the hotel, with iron bedsteads, camp-tables, and some large chests, which breathe an odor of the Commissary Department. We go stealthily down to the kitchen, and watch the unpacking. Our dinner is there, sure enough, but alas! it is not yet cooked. Patience is no more: my companion manages to slich a raw onion and a crust of bread, which we share, and roll under our tongues as a sweet morrel, and it gives us strength for another hour. The Greek dragoman and cook, who are sent into Quarantine for our sakes, take compassion on us, hurry up a meal which is stewed and ambrosia, and leave us, filled and contented, lazing off into sleep on comfortable couches. So closes the first day of our incarceration.

Monday, April 19.
Eureka! the whole thing is explained. Talking to-day with the guardiano, he happened to mention that he had been three years in Quarantine, keeping watch over infected travellers. "What?" said I, "three years?"

The Revolver, a Mississippi paper, gives a sharp shot at tobacco. The editor, who is an amusing fellow, speaks thus:

"We remember vividly and well, in our years of sin and shame, when we defiled our mouth with the vile, filthy, disgusting and deadly narcotic, we were dry about every hour, and with a devilish sort of thirst we braved would be sure to drink to extinguish it; it took a brandy or rummer, or some other equally potent stimulant, to fill the fire, to quench the tobacco drought. It was then we drank, drink, drink, and chew, alternately throughout the day; and would therein convinced that chewing superintended drinking, and drinking superintended chewing. So abominably satisfied are we that tobacco consumption leads on to rum consumption, that were we superstitious, glib, and resolved to bring about total abstinence from every article the use of which could be shown to be injurious to the human system, we would have no objection to the following prayer:

The activity of the native Russians is so great, that it can only be compared to what we have heard of the Ancient Greeks. Their features also are much like those of the Greeks, so much so that many ethnographers consider the Russians and

importance, and are more really useful and neces-

New York, Philadelphia, and even in Baltimore, contrive to acquire the character and the position